

How Wrong Can I Be?

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Geoff Davies

As time goes on and on
Every thing I do is wrong.
When I'm awake from morn 'till night
Whatever I do is never right.

I should always wear my glasses
Because I cannot see.
The hearing aid will help
To hear what's said to me.

I'm always on the computer
But often on my phone.
If I leave a footmark on the floor
It's bound to result in a moan.

When in the kitchen I make a mess
And never clear it up.
The worktop is always gritty
And I left a tea-stained cup.

I'm always in the office
Doing whatever I do.
Tapping away on the keyboard
Or playing a CD or two.

When we go for a stroll I walk too fast
But sometimes walk too slowly.
I wander about all over the place
(I try to blame young Freddie!)

Whatever I'm doing, I'm rarely around
And never talk to my wife.
I'd rather be writing than watch the TV
It's a way of enjoying my life.

We all have our hobbies (some people have none)
Which are there for us to enjoy.
They're important for health and sanity
Our skills are there to employ.

I could always abandon multifarious things
And just sit and watch TV.
The mental challenges taken away
A living death to me.

Maybe one day I'll do things right
Before I'm dead and gone.
Should I fail in this task and die too soon
It's something else I've done wrong.

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